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GIRLS'
PUBERTY
DANCE

THE dance for girls at puberty has here been classified with the rituals of purification because its fundamentals are undoubtedly the same. However, it is simpler than the purifying of men and involves only the negative process of getting rid of contamination without the positive result of obtaining power. A Papago man who underwent purification had first committed some act putting him in contact with supernatural power but, with a girl, such contact was involuntary. At the period of maturity, she automatically became the vehicle of a terrific force, and the emphasis of the succeeding ceremony was not on her dreams or her future career, but on the controlling of this force.

The mysterious power which descended periodically upon women was thought to be entirely incompatible with the life and activities of men. A male who touched a menstruating woman might die, and even to see her would cause weakness. Contact with her would take the strength from his weapons and poison his food. For the sake of the community, therefore, she must be segregated whenever the magic came upon her, and every family had a hut where its women could be sent at the proper time.

A girl at puberty remained in this hut for four days and underwent the usual restrictions of a retreat: cold bath, abstinence from meat, grease, and salt, prohibition against looking at the sun or at fire, against talking loud or scratching her head.¹ But, as has been mentioned, her fast was purely formal, not a test of

¹ For detailed account of menstruation restrictions see Underhill, 1939, pp. 163-67.

"I can never forget what my father told me," various informants have stated. "I heard it every morning, even before I was old enough to understand." "I was little," said one (26), "and I would go to sleep. Then my father would pinch my ear. 'Wake up and listen. Let my words enter your ears and your head'."

This constant, though unaggressive, repetition of the principles of living must have had, as did the speeches at the council meeting the effect of producing a unity of sentiment in the community as profound as it was unconscious.

GIRLS' PUBERTY AND MENSTRUATION

The puberty of boys was not signalized. For girls, the puberty ceremony centered on obviating the malignant effects of menstruation and, secondarily, on making the girl industrious for the rest of her life.

Menstruation was regarded with horror. The touch of a menstruating woman could weaken a man and take all power from his weapons. The taint of it would cause the deer to avoid a hunter, cause a shaman's crystals to rot and tobacco plants to shrivel up. Therefore, for a menstruating woman not to segregate herself was a crime against the community. Men were urged nightly in the council meeting to see that their women obeyed the rule. The punishment for disobedience was usually a supernatural one: lightning or flood would destroy the family of the offender or, possibly, her whole village.

First menstruation was particularly malignant. For announcing it, for having the girl ritually cleansed, and for instructing her as to her future responsibility in the matter, the father and mother were held responsible. In old days a father could be whipped for laxity in this respect, or the mother, if the father could prove ignorance. Mothers watched their girls very closely and at the appearance of first menstruation, the girl was sent to the regular segregation hut. Here she stayed four days. She was given a new pottery bowl and a drinking cup, into which women poured the food which they brought her from the house; she was allowed no meat or salt; she was given a scratching stick and must not touch her hair on pain of losing it.

Generally an older woman relative was appointed as the girl's instructress, though if the family were away camping, the mother would serve. The idea was that if the girl practised industry and alertness at this time, she would have those virtues for the rest of her life. She was waked very early in the morning and taken to fetch water and wood, a Papago woman's chief duties. She might

881 four times up to her and back, each time blowing on the top of her
 783 head and brushing her off with his eagle plumes. He then mixed
 756 yellow clay in a basket bowl, stirring it with a feather and gave it to
 her to drink. After this he marked her with the feather dipped in
 clay, on heart, forehead, right arm, left arm. Some shamans then
 gave her a new name which was, like the name for a baby,
 anything he had dreamed. It would seem, since this name came
 at the end of the purification period that it should have been used,
 not during that period, but permanently. But informants said that
 they were usually called by their old birth names. One woman
 who had been named at puberty cha-wila (untranslatable) had
 never used the name at all.

881 The shaman was paid with some small gift like a basket and the
 841 girl was free to mingle with people again. At her following men-
 756 struation period she must again use the scratching stick, but after
 that, it was not required. She must always go to the menstruation
 hut for four days and must use the dishes kept there, not touching
 those of the family. One informant said that, when a woman was
 married, her husband must also use separate dishes during her
 period. These were kept outside the house and only brought in when
 necessary (26).

841 The same informant, who had not menstruated for a year after
 her puberty dance, suddenly menstruated again after marriage. It
 was thought necessary that both she and her young husband should
 be "danced" and then purified. They danced for a month but
 since the husband also was concerned, she did not go to the men-
 struation hut. Both remained in the family house and observed
 continence.

In the life of a woman after puberty, conscientious segregation
 once a month ranked as the chief virtue. Chastity was scarcely
 stressed at all in comparison and even industry took second place.
 Since knowledge of her state rested entirely with the woman, she
 had opportunity to conceal it and personal narratives abound in
 tales of the dire consequences of such an act.

"There was a girl in our village who became dangerous and she
 did not tell. One day all the village was planting in her father's
 field and he had given them a meal of succotash. They were eating
 out in the field; her mother was cooking over a campfire. It began
 to rain. This girl and her sisters ran home to take in the bedding
 because we sleep out-of-doors in summer and it was on the ground.
 There was a crash of thunder. All the eating people stood still and
 then from the house of that girl they heard a long sigh. They ran
 there. All the sisters were lying stunned on the floor, one was blind

and this girl was dead. The men dragged them out into the rain and the house began to burn. Her relatives buried that girl all alone and no one would go near." (26) 841 ●

"Then there was a girl who was going to build a fire and it seemed that it reached out and took her and burned her up." (26)

"And there was another whose mother was struck by lightning. Because when a woman commits this fault, anyone in her family may be punished. That is why, when the lightning strikes a village, they send for the shaman to see what woman was dangerous. He summons all the girls and looks at his crystals to see whose fault it was. They don't punish that girl. She knows that she has killed her relatives and that is enough." (26)

Women admit that an intrepid woman, if she were particularly busy, might conceal her state for a day or two. "But not more. She would be too much afraid." She might also practise the reverse procedure and keep her husband from going to war by telling him falsely that she was menstruating. An injury like this would be far less likely to be forgiven by a husband than would unfaithfulness.

As a rule, the women found the four days segregation no burden. Rather it was a pleasant chance to sit still and give up the household responsibility. They took their basketry to the hut where all women, except first menstruants, might visit them. The groups gambled, sang and told stories. No man might shout to the menstruant or even look at her from a distance. A tale recounts that once a woman in the segregation hut saw an approaching party of Apaches. She shouted to some men in the fields but they would not turn round nor watch her signals and she dared not approach, so the Apaches attacked the village. Another local tale says that a woman who frequently quarrelled with her husband would on each occasion retire to the hut whence he was powerless to get her back. He had to move the family before she would come out. [578]

The segregation custom is still in use, though not so widely as [177] formerly.

DREAM POWER AND CHOICE OF CAREER

The puberty of the youth was not signalized. Even though he married, he continued in his father's house without much change in status until he achieved some noteworthy deed which stamped him an adult. There was no ceremony or definite crisis. He began to take part in men's affairs; ultimately would be consulted and would speak in the council. 881 884

Papago life admitted of a number of specializations. A man could be a leader or a ceremonial officiant, a planter, hunter, 463 787

UNDERHILL]

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PAPAGO WOMAN

11

Where the mountain trembles with the thunder
My heart trembles with it.

159x
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That was what they sang. When I sing that song yet it makes me dance.

Then the little rains began to come. We had jugs of the juice that my mother had boiled, and all the women carried them in their nets as we came running down the mountain back to our village. Much, much liquor we made, and we drank it to pull down the clouds, for that is what we call it. I was too little to drink. They put me on the house top with my older sister. Our jars of liquor were up there, too. The house top was the only safe place.

We heard the people singing over by the council house:

There sits the magician of the east
Holding the rain by the hand
The wind holding by the hand
He sits.

Then they began to drink. ~~Making~~ themselves beautifully drunk, for that is how our words have it. People must all make themselves drunk like plants in the rain and they must sing for happiness. We heard them singing all day all over the village. Then my father and mother came and stood by the house where we were on the roof, with many relatives. Oh, they were very happy. "Reach us down a new jar from the roof," they said. So my sister handed it down. Then they gave it to drink to all the relatives whom they loved. And each, when he had drunk, sang a song.

The next day a relative came and said: "Your father and mother are out by the arroyo sleeping. Let a child go and stay with them until they wake." So my sister went. My brothers were drunk, too, but we did not know where. At last my father and mother awoke and came home very happy. For many days they sang.

II

My father told my mother: "There is going to be a big war party. We have sent men to run to the Place of the Burnt Seeds and the Buffalo Head and Where the Willows Grow and Where the Owls Hoot and to Hackberry Pond. They are to meet us in ten days at the foot of the hills where the Apaches live."

My mother was frightened. It was near her time to menstruate and she was afraid it would not be over before my father wanted to go. Then he would have to stay home, because a menstruating wife would weaken him so he would be killed. My mother was careful about that. She went out of

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841 the house as soon as it began; she never waited a minute. She never touched my father's arrows nor even looked at them when she could hurt them. So she told him. Then she went straight out to the Little House so it would be safe for my father to mend his arrows and twist a new bow string. I took her food to her, and every day I would ask: "Has it come?" And on the second day she said: "Yes." So it passed and my father could go.

x¹⁵⁹
722 The men went early in the morning before light, and they were gone eight days. All that time we girls and women kept very quiet. When the older girls came home with a load of wood, they never threw it down hard; they placed it softly. We did not laugh nor talk loud. Old Leaf Buds came to see us. Her husband was going to take care of my father if he was a Killer. And Leaf Buds was going to take care of my mother. So my mother tried to finish the mat she was making, because if my father was a Killer she would have to be purified and then she could not work at all.

She talked to us while she was finishing her work and told us what to do, because she would be gone four times four days. I was little then and I thought it would be good to stop work for so many days. But some of the women did not like it. They asked their husbands not to be Killers. There was once a woman who was making a big basket and she wanted to get it done. But the men made up a war party. So she told her husband she was menstruating and he had to stay home. They say that woman never menstruated again.

The men were gone eight days. I know how that fight was because my father told me. We were not women who were afraid of war power. We were Killers' women.

x¹⁵⁹
[577]
533 The men from all the villages met at Basket Cap Mountain, and there my father made them speeches, sitting with his arms folded and talking low as all great men do. Then they sang the war songs:

726.

Oh, bitter wind, keep blowing
That therewith my enemy
Staggering forward
Shall fall.

Oh, bitter wind, keep blowing
That therewith my enemy
Staggering sideways
Shall fall.

Many, many songs they sang but I, a woman, cannot tell you all. I know that they made the enemy blind and dizzy with their singing and that they

The third brother was called Shining Evening and he was a man-woman. ^{159x}
 His parents suspected it when he was very young because he never wanted ⁸³⁸
 to play with boys, always with girls. So they thought they would test him.
 They built a little enclosure and in it they put a bow and arrow and some
 basketry materials. They told the boy to go in there and play, and when
 he was busy they set fire to the enclosure. They thought they would see
 which things he saved. Out he came, carrying the basketry materials. They
 tried the same thing again and again after that, and it was always the same.
 The man-woman was very pleasant, always laughing and talking, and a
 good worker. She was so strong! She did not get tired grinding corn as I
 did, so sometimes she did it for me. That was something my husband
 could never do even though he was kind. It would look too bad for a man ^[462]
 to grind corn. I found the man-woman very convenient.

I lived happily with those people and of course we never quarreled. ^{159x}
 Why should we do that? And strangely, soon after I had been married, ^[593]
 became dangerous again, for the first time since I had been danced. We ⁸⁴¹
 told the medicine man and he thought, perhaps, I should be danced again ⁵³⁵
 and my husband, too. Who knows what danger there had been without
 our knowing it. So they danced us.

But this time it was different. I did not have to work hard because I
 had been through all that. I did not even have to sleep in the Little House.
 I slept in the big house next to my mother-in-law. My husband slept on
 the other side of the house. Every night we danced, Ah, we danced, we
 danced. All my life I had wanted to do that. In the daytime I could sleep.
 Sometimes I slept all day and waked in what we call the red evening to
 hear the rattle outside the house. Have you heard the rattle when our
 people come up in the night to dance? Ah, good!

The old people watched me until it was over, and then my husband and ^[262]
 I ate the white clay together, and we could touch our heads and have salt
 in our food and go on as before.

One day my father-in-law said: "Should not our daughter-in-law be ^{159x}
 tattooed? Her face does not look right, all light, with no black on it." So ³⁰⁴
 my mother-in-law tattooed these four marks I have on my chin. I lay on
 the floor with my head in her lap and she pricked the lines with cactus
 thorns. Then she rubbed in greasewood soot. It hurts frightfully but if you
 keep still, the marks come out narrow and clear. If you wiggle they are all
 blurred. I did not wiggle, but I have seen girls whose chins just look as
 though black juice had run down them. Mine came out very pretty and,
 for four days, while they healed, I ate only cactus joints to make them ^[242]
 blue.

That fall our people were going over to race with the River People ^{159x}
⁴⁸⁴

^x159 and if he would sing any songs like those I had heard from my father. Then, once, Coyote came to me, too.

I was at Mesquite Root, gathering giant cactus with my family. I always went there in the Cactus month because Mesquite Root was in the hills, near the cactus ~~loves~~, and Where the Water Whirls Around was down in the hot plain. Once I had picked my basket full of cactus fruit and I was resting. I looked down by my bare toe and there lay a crystal.

I have told you how medicine men find these crystals by magic, after a dream. Those shining stones have power and they can make rain. No one finds them by chance. So when I saw that, I was afraid. It was a big crystal, thick as my finger and as long as two joints of it. I took it home, but I had no use for a crystal then; my heart was cool. I gave it to my brother who was now a medicine man, and he whirled it around and tried to make rain. But he could not: the stone was not for him.

So I took it home. But I could not keep it, I, a woman, who was not meeting any spirit. I was afraid of it, and I gave it to my young brother-in-law. He is an old medicine man now, at Where the Water Whirls Around, and he has it yet.

But that night Coyote came to me. He did not speak. He looked at me a minute and then he turned away. As he went, he sang:

[533]

A frog medicine man
With spotted back
Lies somewhere on the ground
Looking for rain.
Where, where is the rain?

^x159 Sick people came often to my husband and his brothers because they
156 were all medicine men, and their father, too. We women, if we had wanted to, could have learned many lovely magic songs and could have looked in their medicine bags and seen the crystals and the feathers and other powerful things. Of course we did not, for those things can make you sick. We knew where the gourds were kept in the thatch of the roof and the long eagle feathers with them, but we never even looked that way. We thought
[24] we might begin to menstruate and take away their power.

^x159 But sometimes when babies were brought to my husband I could not
826 help looking on, because I had had babies myself, and they had died. There is one thing that happens to babies that is very dangerous. They have a soft spot on the top of their heads. It is there when they are born and then it closes up. But sometimes it does not close. One who is wise will put a finger in the baby's mouth, far back and will push up. That pushes up the

THE PAPAGO FAMILY

pate in the village council. The rare occasions when a woman does contest an issue with men are the subject of comment by both sexes: "And she was telling them what should be done, and she a woman, telling men! How could she know about it? It is the men who know those things." 562

Yet women are not relegated to an inferior position; they are never ordered about and are never servile toward men. The attitude of both sexes is simply that their duties and spheres of authority and influence are different. It is possible that this pattern is changing and that women will come to have more status in spheres now dominated by men. Increasingly women are working outside the home and so are becoming financially more independent of men. The tribal constitution does not disqualify women as voters, but no woman voted in the election by which it was approved. There are no positive prohibitions upon women's participation in political matters, but they have shown no interest in politics, although Papago society is sufficiently elastic to allow it. So far, however, the old customs hold, and the spheres of men and women have not converged to the same extent as in white society in the United States. 562 642

One other practice with regard to women should be mentioned. In the old days menstruating women were greatly feared. Their touch was thought to weaken a man and blight any project in which he was engaged. Women were obliged to segregate themselves each month in a hut built for the purpose, on pain of bringing supernatural punishment upon their families or on the whole village.⁷ Segregation is not the rule in most parts of the Reservation today, but in some of the more conservative families it is still practiced. 841 ●

In both the household and the village, approval of the group is the primary inducement to conformity with the patterns indicated above. Moral discussions and tales told by the older family members make clear to everyone that he is expected to fulfil his economic obligations to the family and to comply with the customs of the household. The person who fails to conform to these standards is made aware of the disapproval of others by criticism, ridicule, or denial of privileges. A big child who tries to sit on an aunt's lap is gently laughed or teased out of the notion. Involuntary exposure of the genitals brings ridicule by brothers and sisters until the child develops an acute sense of modesty. Quarrelsome children lose treasured privileges. Both young and old are sternly lectured by the eldest members of the household if they do not abide by its patterns. The same sanctions are applied by persons outside the family group. "People will talk" is an ever present and powerful inducement to live up to 626 867 626

7. A tale is told of a woman in a segregation hut who saw the approach of Apache raiders but who was so strongly imbued with the taboo that she would not leave her hut to warn the village.

Pi. Also, if one should see a person planting, and knew he was
 Pa. planting tobacco seed, it would not come up. If a man who
 249 had ill thoughts came near the tobacco it might not come up,
 or if it did would not be any good.

The Pima practice differed somewhat. They, too, grew tobacco in an isolated portion of a field where no one else would see it, and for the same reason, but a man could never do the planting by himself. He must always have one or more old men accompany and help him, or at least watch him plant it. The men who assisted were paid in tobacco which the grower had previously raised. The same man did not plant tobacco every year, since he raised enough in one year for two or more years' supply. Several old men worked together to harvest the crop just as they did in planting it.

Pi. Papago and Pima tobacco had to be planted by older men
 Pa. who knew how to "talk" to it when planting, since it was
 249 regarded as a person, saying about as follows: "Now I place
 824 you here; may you come up well, grow strong and ripen so that my friends will come here and use you," or "I am a tobacco man and I plant you." The Papago planter then sang the tobacco planting song four times and finally placed the seed in the ground. Each time he came back to see the plants, at required intervals of four days, he sang the same song to the tobacco four times, believing that this gave it more strength (four is the ritual number among both the Papago and the Pima). After the eighth obligatory visit, he need no longer sing the song unless he wished to do so.

Pi. Piman women were not allowed to see tobacco growing,
 Pa. and if a menstruating woman were to see the plants they
 249 would shrivel up. In planting, tobacco seed must not be called by its real name, else it would not come up, and plants should not be watched too much while growing lest they be dwarfed. All ritualistic aspects of tobacco cultivation were regarded fully as necessary as the practical ones in producing a crop.

261 having a delightful time meeting friends and enjoying
496 the gifts of autumn. "When she decides to go home she
will receive loads of provisions of the new year," remarked
my interpreter. One of the principal men of Quitovac
was making a round of calls for the same purpose. He
had only a small field himself, for at Quitovac there is
much competition with the Mexicans, but, as an Indian
said, "he has only to sit down; all is coming to him."

000 On our arrival at La Nariz, Thursday, November
11, a cold, disagreeable wind from south south-west was
blowing over the llano, after dark changing to westerly,
whereupon it suddenly became northerly and warmer, the
sky clearing of some threatening clouds in the south. In
the small hours of the morning I awoke, to my surprise,
from light rain falling on my tent, which lasted for half
an hour. I had made friends among the Indians at the
last place visited, and their compatriots here did their
best to be obliging. The next day all the men gathered
outside of my tent, and we had a five hours' talk on matters
361 of interest to both sides. La Nariz is an Indian rancharia,
103 its name being derived from a near-by mountain which,
from a certain point of view, presents the profile of a
human face with a well-marked nose.

361 There were only five families here living in rectangular
[342] houses of ocotillo poles laid horizontally and plastered
with mud. I found them pleasant to deal with and
anxious to preserve what there was left to them of ancient
756 beliefs and customs. The soul of this endeavor was an
346 elderly medicine-man, the principal man of the place.
● 841 Two medicine lodges were noticed here, one of them

IN THE MEDICINE LODGE

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having had to be abandoned because a Papago woman during a rainy night had slept there. According to the notions of many primitive people, she was at the time unclean, and became the cause of the building of a new lodge. At the native cemetery many makai have been interred who on feast occasions are invited to take part with the living.

The old man's son had married a woman who was reputed to be a prophet—a female makai, with whom the principal men from Quitovac and other localities at times consulted. She looked about thirty years old and had been totally blind for three years. According to her own account, she had previous to her blindness suffered for a year from violent headache and pain in the eyes. I have seen Indians made blind through small-pox, their eyes covered in a similar way with large whitish spots over the iris. In the house of this couple were held the nightly meetings that usually took place at the new medicine lodge, as the latter had been temporarily profaned by the interference of an ox that had browsed and torn the straw of which its dome-shaped roof was composed.

I proposed to my Papago interpreter, Clemente, that we should attend that evening, as nothing worse could happen to us than to be told that our presence was not desired. A brisk fire was burning as we entered, making the interior look attractive though there was no outlet for the smoke except through the door. Several mats had been spread on the earthen floor around the fire for the participants to sit upon. Two were placed for Clemente and me, on which we immediately seated ourselves, thus

ANCIENT CUSTOMS

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taken both in the gathering and loading of the salt as well ³¹⁷
as in ceremonies and sacrifices. They smoke tobacco and ⁷⁸³
they all pray to the sun and the sea for health, long life,
and for rain.

Only toward midnight do they go to sleep. The leader carries with him six small sticks, pointed at one end, but without the usual plumes, to deposit in different localities, one in each of the two places where water is found on the long trip, one at an ancient waterhole, one in the salt, one "where the sea used to be," and another is thrown ^[841] into the sea, which sometimes does not accept it if there is menstruation in the leader's house. He has also three cobs of corn of abnormal growth, flat and deformed and called by the Indians "flat-head corn." The first evening on the road he takes grains from these, four each time, chews them, and then spits into the mouth of every horse to make it strong. Some meal ground from the same kind of corn-cobs is carried along to be sacrificed to the sea.

They arrive early in the day. After having hobbled their horses each man takes off his clothing and places a breech cloth around his loins, and they all walk in a line down to the salt, the leader following, carrying a prayer-stick. Those who have not been there before run four times in the slough over the salt deposit, the others twice. Quite a distance is covered and some do not return until nightfall. When my informant, the old leader, was young, he used to run on such occasions what would be equivalent to sixteen miles. When the race is over every one rubs his chest, arms, legs, face, and hair with salt and then has his

586 father of the girl would decide to whip her with a rope of rawhide to bring her to the proper way of thinking.

● 841 Certain periods of female life are looked upon with awe, even by the civilized Papago. If a hunter touches a woman at these times he will have bad luck or contract some disease. Formerly a girl in this condition could not touch her hair. If she wanted to scratch herself, it would have to be done with a stick, and even her

881 brother could not touch his hair. When the girls come of age, dancing and singing are kept up for many nights in succession in a very fatiguing fashion, as neither rest nor food is taken. No intoxicating drinks are partaken of, and one marvels at the exertions that primitive man finds it necessary to undertake in order that the girl may be started right in life. Formerly these ceremonies, each time lasting four nights, had to be performed on four occasions, and even thus the girl has to go for a few days'

[343] seclusion to the *bobólikaki*, a house specially set apart for women considered temporarily impure. The dancing on such occasions consists of a forward and backward
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881 rhythmic movement of two rows of men and women facing each other and at the same time slowly moving in a circle. The participants hold each other by the hand, and the movements are in time with the singing, four steps forward and four backward. In Quitovac where the Indians have been much influenced by the Mexicans, although they have given up the dancing part of the performances, the singing is kept up for eight nights or more in succession.

844 When the woman feels that her hour is approaching,

614 he belonged, but was not forbidden to marry within it. In the same way the whole country was divided into ceremonial halves or moieties known as Buzzard and Coyote. This custom is similar to that of the Mission Indians, distant language relatives of the Papagos. But whereas the moieties of the Mission Indians forbade marriage of one moiety member with another and have given to the moiety many ceremonial duties, the Papagos know Buzzard and Coyote as names only and there are no rules or ceremonies connected with them.

841 Many of the old Papago ceremonies dealing with birth
814 and death are no longer practiced but there are enough
246 old people living so that we can at least have an account of them. A mother, about to give birth to a child, went to a separate hut kept for "dangerous women." Not only women in childbirth but women in their periods came under this heading, for the strange power of reproduction seemed to the Papagos fraught with magic and death. The new mother remained in this segregation hut for a month before she and her baby might emerge. Then the medicine man gave them both a mixture of clay to drink while he pronounced a purification formula.

881 Young children were continually urged to be industrious for this was the supreme Papago virtue. Boys were expected to have a dream which would tell them what career to choose and give them power to follow it. Girls usually did not dream but when they reached maturity a special ceremony was held for them. The girls were kept apart from others for four days, then bathed and brought out to dance with the whole village. Sometimes this dance continued every night for a month, and at the end of that time the strange new power which had visited the girl was thought to be tamed. Her parents soon visited the parents of an industrious youth and arranged that the two should be mated. There was no marriage ceremony other than the coming of the boy to the girl's house and taking her home with him after four days. They lived with the

ETHNOBIOLOGICAL STUDIES

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Tobacco was planted in March and the planter would choose a place at the mouth of a small wash, out of sight of all the other fields, for tobacco had to be grown in secret. As soon as the plants were up creosote bush branches (*Covillea glutinosa*) were stuck in the ground to shade them. No one but the planter must now visit the patch or the plants would become shy and sink into the earth again. If a menstruating woman were to see them they would shrivel up and die. 249

No hoeing or transplanting was done but merely earth heaped around the roots now and then. A fence of mesquite posts (*Prosopis velutina*) with thorny cholla cactus (*Opuntia* sp.) between protected them from marauding animals, and a ditch dug from the wash to the patch conducted any possible rain water. The creosote bush shelter was left until the plants grew up and touched it. When the tobacco was ripe the leaves were pinched off and spread on a mat outside the house to dry, although they were considered ready for smoking when about half dried, still green and very bitter. 312

COTTON

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Cotton, *to'ki* (*Gossypium* sp.)

The early Spanish accounts refer to cotton as being grown, not only by the Gila Pimas (10), but by the Sobai-puris on the San Pedro (27) and by the people of San Xavier (10) (who were not the present residents). Little mention is made of the growing of cotton by the desert people, but informants thought a little was grown in favored places. No particulars of its culture were obtained. Cottonseed flour made very good browned cakes when baked on hot sand. 243

WHEAT

Wheat, *pi-rkanyi* (*Triticum aestivum*) 243

Wheat seeds were given away profusely by Kino at the end of the seventeenth century. Most Papagos, however, say they did not take over its general use until two or three 262